To my Ingenuou

Friend, *R. W.*

WHen we are dead, and now, no more
Our harmles mirth, our wit, and
Diſtracts the Towne; when all
That the baſe niggard world hath lent
Thy purſe, or mine; when the loath'd
Of Drawers, Prentiſes, and boyes

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A 2

th left us, and the clam'rous barre
ems no pints i'th' Moone, or Starre;
Vhen no calme whisp'rers wait the doores,
o fright us with forgotten scores;
nd such aged, long bils carry,
s might start an Antiquary;
Vhen the sad tumults of the Maze,
rests, suites, and the dreadfull face
Seargeants are not seene, and wee
o Lawyers Ruffes, or Gownes must fee:
Vhen all these Mulcts are paid, and I
rom thee, deare wit, must part, and dye;
Vee'le beg the world would be so kinde,
o give's one grave, as wee'de one minde;

There

There (as the wiſer few ſuſpect,
That ſpirits after death affect)
Our ſoules ſhall meet, and thence will they
(Freed from the tyranny of clay)
With equall wings, and ancient love
Into the Elyſian fields remove,
Where in thoſe bleſſed walkes they'le find,
More of thy Genius, and my mind:
First, in the ſhade of his owne bayes,
Great *BEN* they'le ſee, whoſe ſacred Layes,
The learned Ghoſts admire, and throng,
To catch the ſubject of his Song.
Then *Randolph* in thoſe holy Meades,
His Looers, and *Amyntas* reads,

hilſt his Nightingall cloſe by,
gs his, and her owne Elegie;
om thence diſmiſs'd by ſubtrill roades,
rough airie paths, and ſad aboads;
ey'le come into the drowſie fields
Lethe, which ſuch vertue yeelds,
at (if what Poets ſing be true)
e ſtreames all ſorrow can ſubdue.
re on a ſilent, ſhady greene;
ſoules of Lovers oft are ſeene,
o in their lifes unhappy ſpace,
ere murther'd by ſome perjur'd face.
ll theſe th' inchanted ſtreames frequent,
drowne their Cares, and diſcontent,

That

That th' inconſtant, cruell ſex
Might not in death their ſpirits vex:
And here our ſoules bigge with delight
Of their new ſtate will ceaſe their flight,
And now the laſt thoughts will appeare
They'le have of us, or any here;
But on thoſe flowry banks will ſtay,
And drinke all ſenſe, and cares away.
So they that did of theſe diſcourſe,
Shall find their fables true in us.

Les Amours.

TYrant farewell: This beauty, the prize
And triumph of thy scornfull eyes,
I sacrifice to Heaven, and give
To quit my sinnes, that dare believe
A Womans easie faith, and place
True joyes in a changing face.
Yet e're I goe; by all those teares,
And sighs I spent 'twixt hopes, and feares;

By

By thy owne glories, and that houre
Which first inflav'd me to thy powers;
I beg, faire One, by this laſt breath,
This tribute from thee after death.
If when I'm gone, you chance to ſee
That cold bed where I lodged bee:
Let not your hate in death appeare,
But bleſſe my aſhes with a teare;
This influxe from that quickning eye,
By ſecret pow'r, which none can ſpie,
The coldneſs ſhall in ſtorme, and make
Thoſe flames (though dead) new life partake:
Whoſe warmth help'd by your tears ſhall bring,
O're all the tombe a ſudden ſpring:

If Crimſon flowers, whoſe drooping heads
Shall curtaine o're their mournfull heads:
And on each leafe by Heavens command,
Theſe Emblemes to the life ſhall ſtand:
Two Hearts, the firſt a ſhaft withſtood;
The ſecond, ſhot, and waſht in bloud;
And on this heart a dew ſhall ſtay,
Which no heate can court away;
But fixt for ever witneſſe beares,
That hearty ſorrow feeds on teares.
Thus Heaven can make it knowne, and true,
That you kill'd me, 'cauſe I lov'd you.

To Amoret,

The Sigh.

NImble Sigh on thy warme wings,
Take this Message, and depart;
ll *Amoret*, that smiles, and sings,
what thy airie voyage brings,
That thou cam'st lately from my heart.

ell my lovely foe, that I
ave no more such spies to send,
But one or two that I intend
ome few minutes ere I dye,
To her white bosome to commend.

Then

Then whiſper by that holy Spring

Where for her ſake I would have dyed,

Whilſt thoſe water Nymphs did bring

Flowers to cure what ſhe had tryed;

And of my faith, and love did ſing.

That if my *Amoret*, if ſhe

In after-times would have it read,

How her beauty murther'd mee,

With all my heart I will agree,

If ſhee'le but love me, being dead.

To his Friend
Being in Love.

Aske Lover, ere thou dyeſt; let one poor breath
eale from thy lips, to tell her of thy Death;
oating Idolater! can ſilence bring
hy Saint propitious? or will *Cupid* ſling
ne arrow for thy palenes? leave to trye
his ſilent Courtſhip of a ſickly eye;
Vitty to tyranny: She too well knowes
his but the incenſe of thy private vowes,

That

That breaks forth at thine eyes, and doth betra
The sacrifice thy wounded heart would pay;
Aske her, foole, aske her, if words cannot move,
The language of thy teares may make her love:
Flow nimbly from me then; and when you f
On her breasts warmer snow, O may you all,
By some strange Fate fixt there, distinctly lye
The much lov'd Volume of my Tragedy.
Where if you win her not, may this be read,
The cold that freez'd you so, did strike me dead.

Son

Song.

A Myntas goe, thou art undone,
Thy faithfull heart is croſt by fate;
That Love is better not begunne,
Where Love is come to love too late;
Had ſhe profeſſed hidden fires,
Or ſhew'd one knot that tyed her heart:
I could have quench'd my firſt deſires,
And we had only met to part;
But Tyrant, thus to murther men,
And ſhed a Lovers harmles bloud,

And burne him in those flames again;
Which he at first might have withstood;
Yet, who that saw faire Chloris weep
Such sacred dew, with such pure grace;
Durst thinke them fained teares, or seeke
For Treason in an Angels face:
This is her Art, though this be true,
Mens joyes are kild with griefes and feares;
Yet she like flowers oppresst with dew,
Doth thrive and flourish in her teares:
This Cruell thou hast done, and this,
That Face hath many servants slaine.
Though th' end be not to ruine us,
But to seeke glory by our paine.

To Amoret,
Walking in a Starry
Evening.

IF *Amoret*, that glorious Eye,
In the first birth of light,
And death of Night,
Had with those elder fires you spye
Scatter'd so high
Received forme, and sight;

We might ſuſpect in the vaſt Ring,
Amidſt theſe golden glories,
And fierie ſtories;
Whether the Sunne had been the King,
And guide of Day,
Or your brighter eye ſhould ſway;

But, *Amoret*, ſuch is my fate,
That if thy face a Starre
Had ſhin'd from farre,
Iam perſwaded in that ſtate
'Twixt thee, and me,
Of ſome prédeſtin'd ſympathie.

For ſure ſuch two conſpiring minds,
Which no accident, or fight,
Did thus unite;
Whom no diſtance can confine,
Start, or decline,
One, for another, were deſign'd.

To Amoret GONE FROM HIM.

FAncy, and I, laſt Evening walkt,
And, *Amoret*, of thee we talkt;
The Weſt juſt then had ſtolne the Sun,
And his laſt bluſhes were begun:
We ſate, and markt how every thing
Did mourne his abſence; How the Spring
That ſmil'd, and curl'd about his beames,
Whilſt he was here, now check'd her ſtreames

The

The wanton Eddies of her face
Were taught leſſe noiſe, and ſmoother grace;
And in a ſlow, ſad channell went,
Whiſp'ring the banks their diſcontent:
The careleſſe ranks of flowers that ſpread
Their perfum'd boſomes to his head,
And with an open, free Embrace,
Did entertaine his beamy face;
Like abſent friends point to the Weſt,
And on that weake reflection feaſt.
If Creatures then that have no ſence,
But the looſe tye of influence,
(Though fate, and time each day remove
Thoſe things that element their love)

t ſuch vaſt diſtance can agree,
Why, *Amoret*, why ſhould not wee.

A Song to *Amoret.*

IF I were dead, and in my place,
Some freſher youth deſign'd,
o warme thee with new fires, and grace
Thoſe Armes I left behind;

Were he as faithfull as the Sunne,
That's wedded to the Sphere;
is bloud as chaſte, and temp'rate runne,
As Aprils mildeſt teare;

Or were he rich, and with his heapes,
And ſpacious ſhare of Earth,
Could make divine affection cheape,
And court his golden birth:

For all theſe Arts I'de not believe,
(No though he ſhould be thine)
The mighty Amoriſt could give
So rich a heart as mine.

Fortune and beauty thou mightſt finde,
And greater men then I:
But my true reſolved minde,
They never ſhall come nigh.

For I not for an houre did love,
Or for a day desire,
But with my soule had from above,
This endles holy fire.

An Elegy.

'Tis true, I am undone; Yet e're I dye,
I'le leave these sighes, and teares a legacye
To after-Lovers; that remembring me,
Those sickly flames which now benighted be,
Fann'd by their warmer sighs may love; and prove
In them the Metempsuchosis of Love.

'Twas

'Twas I (when others ſcorn'd) vow'd you were fair,
And ſware that breath enrich'd the courſer aire,
Lent Roſes to your cheekes, made *Flora* bring
Her Nymphs with all the glories of the Spring
To waite upon thy face, and gave my heart
A pledge to *Cupid* for a quicker dart,
To arme thoſe eyes againſt my ſelfe; to me
Thou oweſt that tongues bewitching harmonye:
I courted Angels from thoſe upper joyes,
And made them leave their ſpheres to heare thy (voice:
I made the Indian curſe the houres he ſpent
To ſeeke his pearles, and wiſely to repent
His former folly, and confeſſe a ſinne
Charm'd by the brighter luſtre of thy skinne.

I borrow'd from the winds, the gentler wing
Of *Zephirus*, and ſoft ſoules of the Spring:
And made (to ayre thoſe cheeks wᵗʰ freſher grace)
The warme Inſpirers dwell upon thy face.

Oh! jam ſatis ——

A Rhapſodis.

Occaſionally written upon a meeting with ſome of his friends at the Globe Taverne, in a Chamber painted over head with a Cloudy Skie, and ſome few diſperſed Starres, and on the ſides with Land-ſcapes, Hills, Shepheards, and Sheep.

DArknes, & Stars i'th' mid day! they invite
Our active fancies to beleeve it night:
For Tavernes need no Sunne, but for a Signe,
Where rich Tobacco, and quick tapers ſhine;

And

And royall, witty Sacke, the Poets ſoule,
With brighter Suns then he doth guild the bowl;
As though the Pot, and Poet did agree,
Sack ſhould to both Illuminator be.
That artificiall Cloud with it's curl'd brow,
Tels us 'tis late; and that blew ſpace below
Is fir'd with many Stars; Marke, how they breake
In ſilent glaunces o're the hills, and ſpeake
The Evening to the Plaines; where ſhot from far,
They meet in dumbe ſalutes, as one great Star.
The roome (me thinks) growes darker; & the aire
Contracts a ſadder colour, and leſſe faire:
Or is't the Drawers skill, hath he no Arts
To blind us ſo, we cann't know pints from quarts?

No,

No,no, 'tis night; looke where the jolly Clowne
Muſters his bleating heard, and quits the Downe.
Harke! how his rude pipe frets the quiet aire,
Whilſt ev'ry Hill proclaimes *Lycoris* faire.
Rich, happy man! that canſt thus watch, and ſleep,
Free from all cares; but thy wench, pipe & ſheep.
But ſee the Moone is up; view where ſhe ſtands
Centinell o're the doore, drawn by the hands
Of ſome baſe Painter, that for gaine hath made
Her face the Landmarke to the tipling trade.
This Cup to her, that to *Endymion* give;
'Twas wit at firſt, and wine that made them live:
Choake may the Painter! and his Boxe diſcloſe
No other Colours then his fiery Noſe;

And

And may we no more of his pencill ſee,
Then two Churchwardens, and Mortalitie.
Should we goe now a wandring, we ſhould meet
With Catchpoles, whores, & Carts in ev'ry ſtreet:
Now when each narrow lane, each nooke & Cave,
Signe-poſts, & ſhop-doors, pimp for ev'ry knave,
When riotous ſinfull pluſh, and tell-tale ſpurs
Walk Fleet ſtreet, & the Strand, when the ſoft ſtirs
Of bawdy, ruffled Silks, turne night to day;
And the lowd whip, and Coach ſcolds all the way;
When luſt of all ſorts, and each itchie bloud
From the Tower-wharfe to Cymbelyne, and Lud,
Hunts for a Mate, and the tyr'd footman reeles
'Twixt chaire-men, torches, & the hackny wheels:

Come,

Come, take the other diſh; it is to him
That made his horſe a Senatour: Each brim
Looke big as mine; The gallant, jolly Beaſt
Of all the Herd (you'le ſay) was not the leaſt:
Now crown the ſecond bowle, rich as his worth,
Ile drinke it to he! that like fire broke forth
Into the Senates face, croſt Rubiçon,
And the States pillars, with their Lawes thereon:
And made the dull gray beards, & furr'd gowns fly
Into *Brunduſium* to conſult, and lye:
This to brave *Sylla*! why ſhould it be ſed,
We drinke more to the living, then the dead?
Flatt'rers, and fooles doe uſe it: Let us laugh
At our owne honeſt mirth; for they that quaffe

To honour others, doe like thoſe that ſent
Their gold and plate to ſtrangers to be ſpent:
Drink deep; this Cup be pregnant; & the wine
Spirit of wit, to make us all divine,
That big with Sack, and mirth we may retyre
Poſſeſſours of more ſoules, and nobler fire;
And by the influxe of this painted Skie,
And labour'd formes, to higher matters flye;
So, if a Nap ſhall take us, we ſhall all,
After full Cups have dreames Poeticall.

LEts laugh now, and the preſt grape drinke,
Till the drowſie Day-Starre winke;
And in our merry, mad mirth run
Faſter, and further then the Sun;

And let none his Cup forſake,
Till that Starre againe doth wake;
So we men below ſhall move
Equally with the gods above.

To Amoret, *of the difference 'twixt him, and other Lovers, and what true Love is.*

MArke, when the Evenings cooler wings
Fanne the afflicted ayre, how the faint Sunne,
Leaving undone,
What he begunne,
Thoſe ſpurious flames ſuckt up from ſlime, and (earth
To their firſt, low birth,
Reſignes, and brings.

They ſhoot their tinſill beames, and vanities,
Thredding with thoſe falſe fires their way;
But as you ſtay
And ſee them ſtray,
You looſe the flaming track, and ſubt'ly they
Languiſh away,
And cheate your Eyes.

Juſt ſo baſe, Sublunarie Lovers hearts
Fed on looſe prophane deſires,
May for an Eye,
Or face comply:
But thoſe removed, they will as ſoone depart,
And ſhew their Art,
And painted fires.

Whilſt

Whil'ſt I by pow'rfull Love, ſo much refin'd,
That my abſent ſoule the ſame is,
Careleſſe to miſſe,
A glaunce, or kiſſe,
Can with thoſe Elements of luſt and ſence,
Freely diſpence,
And court the mind.

Thus to the North the Loadſtones move,
And thus to them th' enamour'd ſteel aſpires:
Thus, *Amoret*,
I doe affect;
And thus by winged beames, and mutuall fire,
Spirits and Stars conſpire,
And this is LOVE.

To Amoret WEEPING.

Leave, *Amoret*, melt not away ſo faſt
Thy Eyes faire treaſure, Fortunes wealthieſt Caſt
Deſerves not one ſuch pearle; for theſe well ſpent,
Can purchaſe Starres, and buy a Tenement
For us in Heaven; though here the pious ſtreames
Availe us not; who from that Clue of Sun-beams
Could ever ſteale one thread? or with a kinde
Perſwaſive Accent charme the wild, lowd winde?

Fate cuts us all in Marble, and the Booke
Foreſtalls our glaſſe of minutes; we may looke,
But ſeldome meet a change; thinke you a teare
Can blot the flinty Volume? ſhall our feare,
Or griefe adde to their triumphes? and muſt wee
Give an advantage to adverſitie?
Deare, idle Prodigall! is it not juſt
We beare our Stars? What though I had not duſt
Enough to cabinett a worme? nor ſtand
Enſlav'd unto a little durt, or ſand?
I boaſt a better purchaſe, and can ſhew
The glories of a ſoule that's ſimply true.
But grant ſome richer Planet at my birth
Had ſpyed me out, and meaſur'd ſo much earth

Or gold unto my ſhare; I ſhould have been
Slave to theſe lower Elements, and ſeen
My high borne ſoul flagge with their droſſe, & lye
A priſoner to baſe mud, and Alchymie;
I ſhould perhaps eate Orphans, and ſucke up
A dozen diſtreſt widowes in one Cup;
Nay further, I ſhould by that lawfull ſtealth,
(Damn'd Uſurie) undoe the Common-wealth;
Or Patent it in Soape, and Coales, and ſo
Have the Smiths curſe me, and my Laundres too;
Geld wine, or his friend Tobacco; and ſo bring
The incens'd ſubject Rebell to his King;
And after all (as thoſe firſt ſinners fell)
Sinke lower then my gold; and lye in Hell.

Thanks

Thanks then for this deliv'rance! bleſſed pow'rs
You that diſpence mans fortune, and his houres,
How am I to you all engag'd! that thus
By ſuch ſtrange meanes, almoſt miraculous,
You ſhould preſerve me; you have gone the way
To make me rich by taking all away.
For I (had I been rich as ſure as fate,
Would have bin medling with the King, or State,
Or ſomething to undoe me; and 'tis fit
(We know) that who hath wealth, ſhould have no (wit
But above all, thanks to that providence,
That arm'd me with a gallant ſoule, and ſence
'Gainſt all misfortunes; that hath breath'd ſo much
Of Heav'n into me, that I ſcorne the touch

Of these low things; and can with courage dare
What ever fate, or malice can prepare:
I envy no mans purse, or mines; I know,
That loosing them, I've lost their curses too;
And, *Amoret*, (although our share in these
Is not contemptible, nor doth much please)
Yet whilst Content, and Love we joyntly vye,
We have a blessing which no gold can buye.

Vpon

UPON THE PRIORIE GROVE, His uſuall Retyrement.

HAile ſacred ſhades! coole, leavie Houſe!
Chaſte Treaſurer of all my vowes,
And wealth! on whoſe ſoft boſome layd
My loves faire ſteps I firſt betrayd:
Henceforth no melancholy flight,
No ſad wing, or hoarſe bird of Night,

Diſturb

Diſturbe this Aire, no fatall throate
Of Raven, or Owle, awake the Note
Of our laid Eccho, no voice dwell
Within theſe leaves, but *Philomel.*
The poiſonous Ivie here no more
His falſe twiſts on the Oke ſhall ſcore.
Only the Woodbine here may twine,
As th'Embleme of her Love, and mine;
The Amorous Sunne ſhall here convey
His beſt beames, in thy ſhades to play;
The active ayre, the gentleſt ſhow'rs,
Shall from his wings raine on thy flowers;
And the Moone from her dewie lockes
Shall decke thee with her brighteſt drops:

What

What ever can a fancie move,
Or feed the eye; Be on this Grove;
And when at laſt the Winds, and Teares
Of Heaven, with the conſuming yeares,
Shall theſe greene curles bring to decay,
And cloathe thee in an aged Gray:
(If ought a Lover can foreſee;
Or if we Poets, Prophets be)
From hence tranſplanted, thou ſhalt ſtand
A freſh Grove in th' Elyſian Land;
Where (moſt bleſt paire!) as here on Earth
Thou firſt didſt eye our growth, and birth;
So there againe, thou 'lt ſee us move
In our firſt Innocence, and Love:

And in thy ſhades, as now, ſo then,
Wee'le kiſſe, and ſmile, and walke agen.

FINIS

GIBBIE *and* WATTIE,

1077.c.6(2)

A

PASTORAL

ON THE

DEATH

OF

ALEXANDER MABEN

ORGAN-MAKER *in* EDINBURGH.

By THOMAS BLAIR.

391.

46

4

481

BRITISH MUSEUM

EDINBURGH:

Printed and sold in Swan-Close, 1749.

GIBBIE *and* WATTIE, *Two* SHEPHERDS.

GIBBIE,

COME, *Wattie*, while our Hirsels feed thegither,
Hear lean ye down, let's knooff a while to ither
And beik oursels upon this sunny Brae.
Whar pleasant Lambies round us sweetly play;
Tent how they wag their Tails, and keb the Ews,
How wantonly they skip athoart the Knows.
Youth's a diverting Time for ilka Creature,
After its Kind, according to its Nature.
The Cattle leaps for Joy, Burds sweetly sing,
Wi' chearfu' Notes proclaim the pleasant Spring.
The Gowk the dullest Singer of them a',
Without a Rhyme but ane, or Note but twa;
Yet he attends his Season for to sing,
In Woods and Groves he makes their Ecchoes ring,
Repeats his Sang some hundred Times a Day,
Heartsome to hear, in glorious Month of *May*.
Come let us then with highest Notes express,
And sing dame Nature in her youthfu' Dress.
Wattie. Alas, I'm no in Tune, *Gib*, let me be,
This forty Days a' may sing dumb for me.
Gib. Strange, *Wattie*, what can ail ye? Hear ye, Lad,
'Tis no your Use and wont to be sae sad.
Wat. Ah! *Gib*, gin ye but kend my Reason why,
Ye'd turn your Tune, and be as wae as I.
Gib. Losh, Man, has ony frightsome Thing come o'er ye,
Last Night ye wak't the Fauld to flie *Tod Laurie*,
Or has some feckless Beast lair'd in the Bog,
Dinner'd awa, or bit by some wood Dog,
Or by some other ill Mischance been wrang'd,
Blasted by some ill Eye or Adder stang'd!
Or has the Swine gane through the Thing that's been
Sae long o' making up wi' you and *Jean*?
Wat. Tho' a' these Ills had happen'd on at Day,
As Good forbid that t'er it should be sae,

The

The Loſs we thole is ten Times greater Skaith,
Can greater be to us than *Sany*'s Death!
Gib. Sany ye ſay, what *Sany* do ye mean?
Wat. The blytheſt Lad that e'er did tread the Green,
Sany, our deareſt Friend, and worthieſt,
Has ta'en his laſt Farewel; now he's at Reſt.
Gib. Is *Sany* dead? Fit and prepare us a'!
Ane in his Prime ſae haſty pow'd awa!
Thou cruel Death ne'er let's the Grave be toom,
But plucks the faireſt Flowers in their Bloom,
And ſmites, at any Age, wi' ſicken Greed,
Spares neither fakeleſs Wean, nor lyar'd Head.
Wat. We'd need a' to be buſy in our Day;
Death is the Debt we ha'e a' to pay.
Our Time's uncertain, ſhort, and fou o' Sorrow,
Sent here the Day and ta'en away the Morrow.
Gib. There's my Dream read, that faſh'd me Yeſternight,
Whan *Batie*'s Youling pat me in ſic Fright;
I never was in a' my Days ſae fear't.
Wat. What was thy dream then, *Gibbie*, let me hear't.
Gib I dream'd " my Uncle's Houſe was a' on Fire,
" Frighted the Ky, and gart them break the Byre,
" For Haſte to win awa' drew down their Flaiks,
" And bure awa their Shakles and their Stakes.
" I thought a' bleez'd up like a Tap o' Tow,
" For Haſte, I thought, I ran to quench the Low;
" And as I tramped through the Moſs-land Heather,
" That my Shoe-ſoles rave frae their Over leather."
How frighteſom like ſic Things to me did ſeem,
Till I awak'd, and faund it was a Dream.
Wat Watch o'er us Man, but that was fleeſom-like.
Gib. But hear me out the Story of the Tyke.
Wat. Well ſay awa then *Gib*, and I ſall tent.
And hear ye tell the Way o' his Lament.
Gib. Then hear me to Amen, and I ſall tell,
Wow Man, Gin you had been there yourſel,
You'd ſurely ha have heard the Beaſt complain.
When I gae'd out to ſee what he cou'd mean.
What was he fenand, think ye,——but upon
One knocking ſtane that lay upo' the Loan,
Held up his Snout forgainſt the Pleaſh-ſtack-know,
Wi' many a tragidour ehreich, Wough, wough, wow;
Swith, Cur, I cry'd, and yet he wad na ceaſe,
I cry'd, Ish, Ish, Poor Beaſt, but a Fleas.